

THE GREAT UNWASHED.

THE *Telegram* announces that "a respectable woman wants washing!" For shame! We don't believe it. No respectable woman wants washing! at least, it isn't respectable to come out and declare the fact in the public papers. If she wants washing, why don't she go and take a bath, instead of announcing her unwashed condition to a scandalized public?

THE man who saw little devils in the air after a booze must have sipped his benzine out of an Impairial measure.

THE St. John, N.B., *Telegraph* is responsible for the latest egg story. It says, "Greenwich has a hen which lays two eggs daily and each has a double yolk." Yolk can tell that to the marines. It's two eggs-agerated to swallow.

A SOCIETY paper in describing the order in which a bridal party passed down the church aisle, says: "The bride walked on the arm of her father." This may be all right, but it seems to us that the church was hardly the place for her to display her acrobatic accomplishments.

I TOLD Nellie, the vivacious little grisette who waits on me at the table, that she would be able to get a good situation in the new hotel building on Notre Dame Street. "Why so?" she asked. "Because, you know, they will be sure to want a Nellie-waiter in a high building like that."

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A BIG NATION.



DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN SENATE.

V137

U.S.—The old man won't interfere, I know, and as for the gal herself, I can thrash her if she tries to stop me from stealin' her fish.

BEFORE THE PARTY.



(SCENE.—Boudoir, middle-aged lady and daughter. Daughter reading from list, mother addressing notes.)

Miss Annie.—Let me see, the Ranchers, the Branchers and the Panchers, are they all right, mamma?

Mamma.—Certainly, my dear, they're all in our set. What about the Browzers?

Miss Annie.—O, mamma, don't invite them, they'd come.

SPELLBOUND.

(TWO PEOPLE AT TELEPHONE.)

"HELLO!"

"Hello!"

"Say, what's the name of that friend of yours who is coming out from the old country?"

"Thiewethlynn Woodwell."

"What?"

"Thiewethlynn Woodwell."

"I can't make out the name; spell it please."

"All right: Double l e double u e double l y double n, double u double o d double u e double l."

"Oh! bosh. that doesn't spell anything! sounds like Welsh."

"It is Welsh: at least it's a Welsh name."

"Spell it again, slowly."

"Double l—e—double u—e—double l—y—double n—double u—double o—d—double u—e—double l."

"Oh! Llewellyn Woodwell; is that it?"

"Near enough."

"Thanks; goodbye."

"Goodbye."

(Ting-a-ling-ling.)

S.

A MAN of enter-pries.—The burglar.